

Erotes

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Erotes

by [peppermintquartz](#)

Summary

"What a breathtaking piece of art."

Will is admiring Boticelli's *Primavera* when someone compliments him.

Notes

This takes place after For Him I Sing, in terms of timeline, but only insofar as the characters are from the B&M AU.

You can take this as a standalone if you want to.

Chapter 1

“What a breathtaking piece of art.”

Startled out of his thoughts, Will turns at the voice and inclines his head politely at the slender, dashing man who has joined him to gaze upon Boticelli's *Primavera*. He returns his attention to the painting. “It truly is. The work of a master.”

“I was referring to you,” says the man, not missing a beat. When Will glances askance at him, mouth twitching with bashful amusement, the man extends a fine-boned hand. “Anthony Dimmond.”

Will shakes hands politely. “Will Graham-Lecter.”

“A man with two last names? Very posh,” the taller man teases, holding on to Will's hand just a tad too long for courtesy. His tailored navy blue suit jacket, thrown over a crew neck tee and jeans, and the scarf lazily looped around his neck all scream *France*, but his accent is English. Hannibal probably can name exactly which part of England this man comes from.

“Hardly.” Will turns his palm to show off the plain gold ring. His wedding band glints in the pale golden light as he retrieves his hand. Hannibal has been a bad influence on him; he's critiquing Dimmond's fashion -- he likes it, it's flawlessly put together to seem casual -- and noting fit and material.

“Your husband is a very lucky man,” says Dimmond, his lips quirking into a crooked smile that's more open and less calculated to charm. It makes him more charming, for some reason.

“I disagree with that, but I'm sure *he* will agree,” Will says, gaze sliding to a presence behind them. His expression softens.

Dimmond looks over his shoulder before he turns around entirely. His smile widens appreciatively. “Your husband is very striking too.”

His cane tapping quietly in time to his pace, Hannibal walks up to Will and slides an arm around his husband's waist, pressing a tender kiss to waiting lips before regarding Dimmond with courteous aloofness. “Hello.”

“Mr Anthony Dimmond here flattered me on being a breathtaking piece of art,” Will confides, a glimmer of mischief lighting up his blue eyes. His teeth catch his lower lip in a coy smile. “Outrageous liar, this gentleman.”

“Mr Dimmond is a true art connoisseur,” Hannibal informs Will, mock severely. Then he holds out a hand to shake Dimmond's. “Hannibal Lecter. I don't usually approve of people flirting with my husband, but I'm pleased you were so brutally honest with him.”

“Oh, you.” Will rolls his eyes. The pink in his cheeks give away his pleasure at the blatant flattery. “Come along, mon cœur. I'm sure you can tell me more about the sordid little secrets

behind more paintings. Good day, Mr Dimmond.”

“Good day, Mr Graham-Lecter, Mr Lecter.”

Will flashes a grin. “ *Dr Lecter.*”

“Dr Lecter, I beg your pardon.” Dimmond bows extravagantly, and Will surprises his husband with a quick, bright laugh at the dramatics.

Hannibal looks Anthony Dimmond over. Lithe, handsome, intelligent but shallow, the sort to flit through life and lighting on all the pleasures he wishes without seeking to put down roots. He smiles. “If we meet again, Mr Dimmond, my husband and I will love to have you for dinner.”

Dimmond touches his lips and sends them both a kiss. “We shall let Fate decide then. Adieu, messieurs. Ceci a été une charmante rencontre.”

xoxoxox

They bump into Dimmond again outside the Galleria dell'Accademia. That morning, Will insisted on going to pay homage to Michelangelo’s *David*, despite the throngs of tourists that flock to the Tribune just to gawk. Still, it has been well worth the visit; Hannibal delighted privately in comparing his Will to David, and comes away firmly convinced that he has the more beautiful. The rest of the day has been whiled away in the various halls, with Will rapturous in the Museum of Musical Instruments.

Dimmond is clearly pleased when they see one another. He nearly bounds over to them, the tails of his scarf bright as bands of garnet and onyx. “Good afternoon, Dr Lecter, Mr Graham-Lecter. How wonderful for Fate to set me in your path again.”

“Like a black cat,” Will says, an eyebrow raised, but the small, pleased smile on his lips ruin the sarcasm of his words.

Dimmond laughs. Hannibal finds the throaty sound appealing, and with a curious glance at Will, the doctor says, “Since Fate has delivered you to us, it would be terribly crass for me to rescind my invitation. Shall we say seven, tonight?” He writes an address on the notepad that Will fishes out from his coat, and tears off the page for Dimmond.

“I will be there with an empty stomach and an open mind,” says Dimmond.

“Oh, is there someone you’d like to bring along?” Will asks, placing a hand on Dimmond’s forearm. His fingers are elegant, nearly alabaster-white, strikingly lovely against the gray-blue cotton Aida jacket the other man is wearing. Hannibal files the image away for later inspection.

“I always travel alone.” Dimmond shakes his head. His curls bounce. A casual observer may easily mistake Dimmond for Will’s brother, they look so alike. After a close perusal of the

address, Dimmond asks, “What should I bring to the table? I’d be a terrible guest to turn up empty-handed, but I don’t wish to burden you with unwanted tchotchkes.”

“Just yourself,” says Will firmly. “Alright, maybe some beers. Hannibal doesn’t like beers, and drinking by myself is so dull.”

“Will, you’re in Florence. Wine gives the more authentic Italian experience.”

“I like beer.” Will tucks himself into Hannibal’s side. “I’m a loud, crude American tourist. Be glad I’m not requesting McDonald’s.”

Hannibal shakes his head minutely, and shares a small smile of commiseration with Dimmond. The scar on his face twists the smile into something a hint more sinister. He presses a kiss to the side of Will’s cheek, and asks Dimmond, “Are you vegetarian?”

“I am too in love with the taste of meat to give it up.” The slender man looks at the address again and his eyebrows lift in appreciation, before he bestows another dazzling smile on the couple and walks away.

Will touches his mouth thoughtfully. “He’s very likable.”

“He is,” Hannibal agrees.

xoxoxox

The doorbell to their rented apartment rings five minutes to seven. Will wipes his hands over his jeans and jogs downstairs to welcome their visitor.

“Hello,” says Dimmond. He holds up a heavy bag. It clinks. “May I come in?”

Will grins and takes the bag, pulling out a bottle. *Via Emilia*. Will can’t wait to taste it. “Come on in.”

“This is a lovely place,” Dimmond compliments artlessly. Will takes his jacket and light scarf, hanging them on the hooks near the first bedroom. With the gray fresco jacket, Dimmond has opted for dark-washed fitted jeans and a crisp blue shirt. He has a beautiful frame, lean and muscular. Will lets himself admire freely, knowing that Dimmond intended to be admired when he picked out his outfit.

“It’s a rental,” Will demurs, and adds, “the view upstairs is spectacular. We’ll have drinks on the terrace while Hannibal puts in his finishing touches on the meal.”

They make their way up, Will leading the way and keenly aware that Dimmond was admiring the view as well. The black jeans Will is wearing is slightly faded around the knees, but still tight enough to show off his ass. He always looks good in this particular white cotton shirt, with the two buttons at the throat undone. He also knows Dimmond has seen the hickey Hannibal planted on his collarbone before they started dinner preparations.

They're greeted by the savory aroma of roast lamb. Hannibal is in the tiny kitchen, in the middle of plating their meals, and he smiles at Dimmond warmly, while Will pops the beers into the refrigerator, keeping one bottle on the counter. Their guest strolls around the airy room, taking in the warm honey-toned wood furniture and flooring and the translucent white curtains fluttering in the breeze.

"I will need about ten minutes more," says the older man. "Would you like some wine? Or beer, perhaps."

"Beer would be lovely," Dimmond answers, his gaze transfixed on the panoramic views outside the window.

Will fills two chilled glasses with the pale yellow beer, and leads their guest to the terrace with the view of the Duomo. In the fading sunlight, the city draws itself back into the past, into the days when the Medicis were still in power. All the buildings are tinted golden-amber, even as the blue overhead begins to darken and the brighter stars threaten to peek out from the floors of heaven.

Dimmond is appropriately wowed. A moment later, he grins impishly at Will. "I may be vain, but I don't think I have so much appeal that a single short conversation in the Uffizi gallery was enough to charm you or your husband."

A blush colors Will's cheeks. He wraps his arms about his middle, looking very young and uncertain. "Hannibal thinks... He likes you."

Dimmond comes closer, close enough that Will can smell his cologne. "And you?"

"I like what he likes," Will whispers, soft and shy, eyes downcast. His lashes fan invitingly over his cheeks. "Hannibal and I have... we are in an -- unconventional -- relationship."

"You are husbands. Not that unconventional."

Almost in embarrassment, Will grabs his beer and takes a deep gulp. He still keeps his gaze averted. "We share certain *tastes* that most people would find..." Will swallows, leaves the sentence unfinished.

From Dimmond's smug smile, it's clear he believes himself to have the upper hand. "Is this that kind of party then?"

Will sets down his beer and tugs on one of his sleeves. His ring glints. The younger man catches his lower lip in his teeth and then mutters, "I should go help Hannibal."

xoxoxox

"...and he was so *livid*, he threw the essays at the office door -- which was when his wife came in!" Dimmond gestures, laughing.

By now Hannibal and Will have learned that Dimmond is a poet who used to live in Cambridge, and is now traveling around the continent on an inheritance. Dimmond is entirely

too laissez-faire about his writing, according to himself; he's seeking his muse, and his muse has flown.

Hannibal chuckles and shakes his head. "And this Roman, he's the reason you're in Florence?"

Dimmond takes a sip of his beer and licks his lips. "He's the new curator of the Capponi Library. I came to needle him about it, but truth be told, I'm quite envious. And annoyed. All the history and the romance and the terrors and the curiosities... in the hands of an *academic*."

It is remarkable how Dimmond injects the four-syllable word with the same disdain a regular person would use for *scum*.

"Such a shame." Will tops up their guest's beer, and then his own. He meets Hannibal's eyes, and the older man allows a slow blink of amusement before rising, murmuring something about dessert. Will continues, "If you disapprove of your mentor so much, why did you come here?"

"To bear witness, of course," Dimmond says. His voice grows quiet and the smile fades. "To see how high a mediocre mind can climb."

Will meets the other man's gaze, and then looks down. "You say this as a man who is anything but."

"I know myself."

"That is a powerful statement."

"It's an aphorism that has withstood the tides of time. γνωθι σεαυτόν. If I didn't know myself, I couldn't compose." Dimmond exhales heavily, his eyes fluttering shut. The facile charm and wit dissipates like the tiny bubbles of their beer, and Will sees the terribly lonely, insecure man beneath the effervescence. That sudden insight is shuttered as soon as Dimmond opens his eyes, and the mask falls into place instantly.

Hannibal chooses that moment to return with trays of apricot vanilla mousse. "I bought these from the pasticceria down the street on the way home," he says when Dimmond praises the small cakes extravagantly. "I do like to indulge my husband's sweet tooth, but I haven't the appropriate equipment here. Outside assistance is required if mon rêve is to be satisfied."

The erstwhile poet lets his eyes flick from Hannibal to Will and back to Hannibal again. "And I suppose your lovely husband is not an easy man to satisfy?"

The doctor regards Dimmond, capturing his gaze and holding it. Gathering Will into his arms, Hannibal says, "He doesn't ask for much, my Will, but I enjoy providing him with treats."

"You do like to spoil me," murmurs Will, but his attention is on Dimmond, whose smile slowly widens. "And I do so love to be spoiled."

“And what about the treat?”

“I’d venture to say that being eaten by my husband is in itself a reward,” Hannibal replies. He sips his wine, and kisses it into Will’s mouth. He sucks lazily on Will’s lower lip, teases its fullness, and then releases it to brush soft kisses along his jaw. “Would you agree?”

Dimmond grins. “Yes.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Yes, I heard you. Threesome it is.

Note the changes in tags - rating has gone up to explicit.

Will squirms in Hannibal's hold, a flush rising up his neck and cheeks, but when his blue eyes catch Dimmond's his gaze is playful and shy. Eventually Will stands and says, "I'm going to... I'll run the bath."

Hannibal lets him go, though he holds onto Will's hand for as long as he can. Once Will has disappeared into the master bedroom, Hannibal indicates that they move inside the apartment. Dimmond finishes his beer and takes the empty glass to the sink, but before he can move away he feels Hannibal's hot presence behind him. The older man does not touch Dimmond. He leans around him, broad chest nearly skimming Dimmond's arm, and sets the dessert plates and forks in the sink. They are barely an inch apart, and Dimmond feels like he's pinned. Immobile.

Secure .

"The couch, Anthony," says Hannibal, his voice low. The fine hairs on Dimmond's neck rise.

Dimmond swallows involuntarily at the sound of his name rolling from Hannibal's tongue. He darts a glance over his shoulder. "Yes, sir."

The pleased curl to Hannibal's lips gives Dimmond all the approval he needs. The young man saunters to the couch and settles in a half-sprawl, leaning against the armrest.

Hannibal does not join him immediately. He studies Dimmond from wild curls to long, narrow feet. Silvering hair fall loose into inscrutable brown eyes, and the warm lights of the apartment does little to ease the intimidation of that terrible scar across Hannibal's cheek and nose. Dimmond shivers. He feels like a lamb waiting for the slaughter. He feels like a unpolished jewel waiting for the first cut.

They can both hear the sounds coming from the bathroom. Dimmond's mind paints the image of Will Graham-Lecter sliding that white shirt off his fair skin, shimmying out of his tight jeans. Hannibal sits down beside him, as though he can read Dimmond's imagination. He places his hand on Dimmond's thigh and squeezes, then slides his palm up smooth denim to Dimmond's hip. The poet swallows again. This is the first time Hannibal has touched him other than their handshake at the Uffizi. The contact sears like a brand.

Dimmond finds himself wondering what marks Hannibal and Will are going to leave on him, if they are the sort to bite or the sort to love tenderly. He's hoping for the former, if he's truly honest with himself. His nipples tingle and harden beneath his shirt.

Hannibal squeezes again, drawing Dimmond back to the here and now. His grip is firm, like his voice. "I have only one rule: you do not kiss Will on his lips."

Dismay starts fluttering beneath his diaphragm, and so does arousal. Dimmond shifts, aware of his growing hardness but he's not willing to concede. "What do I *get* to do?"

"You get to enjoy what I have never allowed another to enjoy," says Hannibal. He pushes Dimmond to lie against the padded armrest, pinning his wrists beside his head, and shifts his legs, looming over the poet like a lion about to devour its hapless prey. "I'm allowing you to be my gift to my husband. A honeymoon present, if you will."

Dimmond can't trust himself to speak. He is deeply aroused now; something in Hannibal's gaze pin him motionless to the couch, and something in Hannibal's words quiet his usually irrepressible greed to claim *more more more*. He wants to surrender, to cleave to, to be opened by this contained, assured man, to be passively taken by him and his beautiful Ganymede, to have them slake their passion with his body. Despite his thoughts, Dimmond flashes a cocky grin. "May I suck his cock then?"

Hannibal smiles, baring all his teeth. "If he lets you. Perhaps he will want to suck yours."

The crudeness of the words sits wrong and delectable on Hannibal's accent. The image of Will taking his cock into that sweet, soft mouth makes Dimmond shift in his seat. He can't bear it any longer and arches his hips upward for contact. Hannibal obliges him by resting his sturdy weight on the younger man. Reassuringly, there is an answering bulge in Hannibal's pants, and when the older man buries his face in the crook of Dimmond's neck, the poet whines and struggles. He is secretly delighted that he cannot break free from the secure grip.

"Be still," Hannibal whispers, his breath hot on Dimmond's left ear. He inhales deeply, breathing in Dimmond's scent. "A handsome scent, but I think I will prefer you stripped of all artifice. To have you as you are."

The weight of the older man, his warm exhalation, and his words all combine to draw an embarrassingly breathy whine from Dimmond's throat. The poet struggles, hoping to not break free, and is rewarded with a tighter grip. He hopes he finds bruises ringing his wrists tomorrow.

"Be still," Hannibal scolds again. Dimmond gasps when he feels teeth scrape over his earlobe and then the older man is looking at him, humor and desire evident in his eyes. There is color high in his cheeks, his impossible cheekbones catching the light and shadow as in a chiaroscuro painting; the thought comes to Dimmond that Hannibal possesses the majestic and deadly allure of glaciers and mountains, where weathering and time has only wrought more beauty. Hannibal teases a clever finger along Dimmond's throat, then spreads his hand over the base of the younger man's neck, the hint of *more* thrumming in the air between them.

Dimmond breathes slowly, feeling the weight and heat of that hand. He closes his eyes and asks, "If I can't kiss Will, may I kiss you?"

"I will kiss you when I want to." Hannibal exhales, nearly a chuckle, and adds, "I can be persuaded."

"Please, sir, may I have a kiss?"

Hannibal pecks him on the lips. "There you go."

Dimmond smiles more widely. "Do I really have to play Oliver Twist?"

"You are here to be twisted into uncomfortable positions, are you not?"

"How uncomfortable are we talking here?" Dimmond asks. "I'll have you know, I'm very flexible."

Tutting, Hannibal gifts Dimmond with another kiss, a lingering one that sips sweetness and sin from the younger man's mouth. Dimmond tastes the wine Hannibal drank earlier, and the roast lamb, and the apricot vanilla mousse. He tastes dark promises.

He grins crookedly. "You two are so *fascinating*. I'm glad I approached Will."

"How fortunate for you that my husband finds you interesting." The free hand Hannibal left on Dimmond's throat slides down to cup the hardness between his legs. Dimmond bucks into that hand with another whine, hips writhing against that confident hold. Hannibal laughs, an amused exhalation. "Let's get us clean first, Anthony. Will must be feeling rather lonely in the bathroom."

XOXOX

Will is already in the copper tub when a naked Hannibal leads an equally naked Dimmond into the bathroom. His gaze skims down their bodies, before a bright blush colors his cheeks. "You two have been busy outside and I didn't want to waste the hot water."

Hannibal bends to press his lips to Will's brow. "We'll take the shower."

"I'd hoped that it would be a larger tub," says Dimmond, pouting. He winks at Will, who ducks his head and averts his gaze. The young man's blush wraps about the back of his neck, almost as a scarf, and his ears glow with bashfulness.

The shower takes up the other wall of the bathroom. When Hannibal positions Dimmond under the showerhead and closes the glass door, the latter has the absurd notion that he's trapped. But this is where he's chosen to be, and he hasn't mistaken the hungry way Will is watching them from the tub.

The first rush of water pulls a gasp from Dimmond. It is *cold* . His erection flags slightly but the water heats up soon enough. The poet brushes his wet hair from his face and accuses Hannibal of playing a childish prank.

“All the better for us to last the night, Anthony,” replies Hannibal, entirely too smug. He turns Dimmond around to face the taps. Without further ado he begins lathering shampoo into his hair, then rinsing it off, before adding conditioner and then moving on to soap. His large, competent hands smooth over Dimmond’s back, down his arms, and then slip around his waist to rub over his chest. Dimmond knows it is no accident when Hannibal’s thumbs slide over and around the tight nubs of his nipples, but refuse to give him the satisfaction of a moan, until Hannibal crowds in and Dimmond feels the older man’s erection cradled against the cleft of his ass.

Dimmond notices how Will is watching, resting his chin on one forearm and in the tub. He guesses what Will is doing with his free hand, and a surge of lust sweeps through his veins.

Hannibal mouths a kiss against his ear again. “Turn on the water.”

Dimmond gropes for the controls and he gasps again, this time because he feels Hannibal carefully washing his tumescent cock and balls, and then swiveling him around so they are face to face when Hannibal’s clever fingers seek out his hole and begin to rub and press against it. Every touch sends little shocks of promise dancing over his skin.

Hannibal himself is a weighted presence, with bulk from his age and exercise. His chest is rough with thick hair, and even as Hannibal cleans him thoroughly, Dimmond runs his hands over the strong shoulders and hairy chest. He likes that Hannibal wears his masculinity so well. The fingers breaching him rubs and prods gently, teasingly, never deeply enough to satisfy, and Dimmond’s cock grows harder. He wants to feel *more*.

When the shower stops, Dimmond finds himself pressed chest to knee against Hannibal. Every patch of skin where they are in contact feels like a burning brand. Dimmond is practically panting; he can feel his pulse throbbing in his cock, his blood rushing through his veins.

Hannibal pivots the younger man about so he is on full display to their voyeur. The doctor is shorter than he is, so he puts his sensuous mouth to good use, nipping and kissing along Dimmond’s spine. Even through the glass partition dotted with crystal beads of water, Dimmond can see Will blatantly enjoying the scene. Dimmond deliberately drapes an arm behind him to cradle the back of Hannibal’s head and strokes his erect cock with the other, arching to show off his smooth, taut belly.

Will climbs out of the tub like a wolf emerging from the woods, his skin marble-pale except for a dark scar across his abdomen. He opens the door to the shower and steps in, standing in front of Dimmond. Without saying a word, he places his hands on Dimmond’s chest and sinks to his knees gracefully, skating his hot palms down the entire plane of the poet’s body. Will licks a long line up Dimmond’s straining erection and sucks lightly on the tip. Dimmond cries out, the low rippling groan echoing in the bathroom.

“Our neighbors will wonder what happened.” Hannibal rubs his thumb over one nipple and abruptly pinches. Dimmond shudders, his entire body trembling. Will closes his soft lips over the deep pink head of his cock, suckling rhythmically, peering up through dark lashes wet from his bath. The sight nearly undoes all of Dimmond’s defenses.

When he first saw Will Graham-Lecter standing alone before the Primavera painting, he had allowed himself a brief fantasy of getting those soft lips on him, but the real thing is a ravenous, debauched angel, licking and sucking and touching like he can’t get enough of Dimmond. One hand grasps the base of Dimmond’s cock, and the other caresses behind his knee, a strangely grounding sensation.

Dimmond slides one hand into dark curly hair - so like his own! - and his other arm reaches behind him to tug on Hannibal’s hip. Hannibal’s erection slips into that warm, slick, narrow space between the tops of his thighs. Dimmond shifts to squeeze his legs together, and Will hums approvingly. He rewards Dimmond by swallowing his cock deep into his throat; Dimmond’s hips jerk involuntarily when the head of his penis is massaged by the feel of muscles rippling around it. The poet cries out, a groan that rumbles from below his ribs all the way up.

It seems to please Hannibal as well, because he slides his erection in and out of that tight space again and again, brushing the head of his substantial cock against the underside of the velvety sac of his balls. The older man murmurs, “Remember what you are, Anthony. What I’m allowing you to be.”

A present. A honeymoon gift. Dimmond gulps in air and angles his head. “Please, sir, may I have a kiss?”

Hannibal smiles with entirely too much teeth, and delves into the poet’s mouth, drawing out that wickedly flattering tongue to suck on it. He and his much-younger husband seem to share minds, for they suck at the same pace, equally hungrily or teasingly, never allowing Dimmond more than a heartbeat or two to catch his breath before claiming him again.

Dimmond has received blowjobs and given them, in all kinds of places. A shower is hardly a novel location. And yet his skin feels too tight and too hot, his blood scalding in his arteries and veins, his breath insufficient to replenish what has been stolen by Hannibal’s kisses.

Just when Dimmond is about to climax, Will pulls away and stands up. Hannibal stops kissing Dimmond too, and instead moves around to capture Will’s mouth in a hungry kiss. Will’s face, neck and the top of his chest are all rosy, and his lips red and swollen. Dimmond yearns to feel that pout against his own mouth.

“We have a bed,” said Will, his voice slightly hoarse. His coy half-smile only makes Dimmond want him even more. “Shall we continue this somewhere more comfortable?”

“Lead the way,” says Dimmond breathlessly, willing his pulse to slow. He is aching for release, but if these two distinctly beautiful men intend to play this out, he is more than happy to indulge them.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

you guys made me do this.
(also, there's one more chapter of the morning after.)

The bed is ridiculously large. Its creamy sheets are of an obscene thread count, by the feel of them on his bare skin; Dimmond sighs luxuriously as he runs his hands over them while the husbands busy themselves with the curtains and lights. The headboard is sturdy, the metal railing cold under his touch. He imagines being fucked with his hands cuffed to it and his cock twitches.

Hannibal gets to Dimmond first, turning him around to kiss him and sitting him on the mattress. The poet sits down heavily and laughs as Will climbs onto it on all fours like an eager puppy. His curls are damp and he shakes them carelessly out of his face, his cheeks aglow with eager bashfulness. Wrapping his arms around Dimmond's waist, the young man buries his face into the poet's chest and snuggles.

"As good as that feels, we have to discuss some not-so-sexy things," Dimmond began.

Will points to the night stand. "A new box of condoms and plenty of lubricant. We're tested and clean, and earlier I should have asked, but you looked so delectable I couldn't help myself."

As he pulls out the lube and condoms from the drawer to toss on the pillows, Hannibal adds, "You look and smell healthy. However, there will be no penetration without protection between you and either of us."

"Fair enough." The poet wiggles and sucks idly on Will's earlobe. "Am I *really* not allowed to kiss him?" Dimmond adds plaintively. He has never been that good at denying himself of treats, and Will is all sinful temptation.

Hannibal drapes his damp towel over the back of a chair. "You are not."

Peering up through his long lashes, Will flashes a mischievous grin at him before he leans up to whisper in Dimmond's ear a suggestion that has both of them looking Hannibal over.

"You are up to something." The doctor frowns with playful disapproval. His husband and Anthony Dimmond do look beautiful together, alike and distinct, and the coy grin on Will's face promises a great deal of fun. He joins them on the large bed, pulling Will to lie back against his chest and then to kiss Dimmond slowly, fingers winding into his shorter curls. "What wickedness have you two planned to craft?"

“Just lie back and relax, darling,” says Will. His smile is wicked as he squirms around to suck on Hannibal’s neck. Then he presses Hannibal to relax against the metal headboard before both of them shimmy down his frame, kissing, licking, biting as they go.

Dimmond is particularly enamored of Hannibal’s belly. He nuzzles the line of fuzz with his nose and purrs deep in his throat when the doctor strokes his head and then the back of his neck in encouragement. He licks into the indent of Hannibal’s belly button on a whim and laughs when the older man snorts and tries to wiggle away.

Will smacks Hannibal’s hip. “Stay still, you.”

“Ou quoi?”

In response, Will takes Hannibal’s turgid cock and slides his mouth over it, swallowing it with practiced ease. Dimmond’s pulse stutters as he watches. Will’s cheeks hollow as he pulls up and his cheek bulges briefly as he plays his tongue around the head of his husband’s erect penis.

Hannibal makes a sound that sounds suspiciously like a snarl.

Will pulls off entirely. He licks his lower lip and asks, “Care to join me, Anthony?”

Dimmond doesn’t need another invitation. He and Will lick and suck on Hannibal’s cock; they alternate between the shaft and the head. Sometimes as they move their mouths and tongues over Hannibal, they come into contact, noses bumping, lips brushing. Kissing without kissing, with Hannibal’s arousal between them, his grunts and low growls the reminder Dimmond needs to not grab Will and just kiss him. This close, Dimmond smells nothing but Hannibal’s heavy musk and Will’s bath oils; he lets his mouth drift to the base of that heavy, beautiful cock -- he likes what he sees, with its thick veins and its heated, dark flush -- and he sucks, tongue flicking over and around teasingly, fluttering kisses on the thick shaft.

Will has one hand on Dimmond’s shoulder. Squeezing gently, Will stops licking long enough to guide Dimmond to his husband’s cock. “He loves it when you flick your tongue under the head,” the younger man murmurs, transfixed the way Dimmond laps greedily at Hannibal’s cock before closing his lips around the tip. “God, Anthony, I want to see--”

Hannibal tugs Will up to devour his mouth, so Dimmond never hears what Will wants to see. He shifts his position, to snuggle between their two lean pairs of legs, and they grudgingly leave a space for him. The resentment disappears as he sucks on one and then the other, savoring the taste of the married couple mingling in his mouth. He knows he should know better, that he is taking risks with his own body, but he doesn’t care. It is a heady delight to be wanted by these two men. It’s not the first time he has fucked or been fucked by someone who is already married, but never by both parties in a marriage. *It’s scandalous*, he thinks, and chuckles with Will’s cock in his mouth.

The tremors from his amusement make Will curse. Dimmond peers up at the younger man, at his eyes blown dark and his lips swollen red by kisses. Hannibal is nibbling and teasing Will’s ear and neck; sweat has beaded over the latter’s flushed skin, adding a sheen to his

luminous beauty. Dimmond pulls away from Will's erection to lick along his hipbone, sucking faint marks into fair skin as his fingers trail lightly over calves and thigh, and is rewarded by a keening in Will's throat. Hannibal scratches his nails over Dimmond's scalp, while his other hand is occupied with pinching and rubbing circles around Will's nipple.

Dimmond sees what Hannibal means by him being Will's present. They are spoiling Will, spoiling him like the beloved consort of an emperor. When Dimmond wants to return his mouth to Hannibal's cock, he is tugged back to lavish his affection on Will. The younger man writhes helplessly as Dimmond shows off his talents, taking Will deep into his throat and pushing his tongue out further to flick the tip of it against hot, velvety skin.

"Stop, no, wait--" Will gasps, and comes hot and thick into Dimmond's mouth. He spurts once, twice, and pulls away to grab himself, whimpering and biting on his lower lip. It takes some effort before he relaxes again. "Not yet. I want..." Sweeping away the curls sticking in his eyes, he glances at Hannibal before saying, "I want to fuck Anthony."

Hannibal smiles. "He's your gift. Do as you will."

Dimmond feels a thrill shiver down his spine. The way Hannibal spoke of him as if Dimmond is entirely Hannibal's to chivvy about, as if the poet has no say in what happens to him...

"Will you prepare him for me, Hannibal?" asks Will breathlessly. His eyes gleam with adoration as he gazes at his husband, while his left foot slides enticingly along Dimmond's side. "I want to watch you open him up for me. The way you opened me up on our wedding night."

The doctor smiles indulgently. Their kiss is lingering and sweet, as if there isn't another man naked between their legs, waiting to discover how, exactly, is he to be made ready for Will.

xoxox

"How can anyone say no to him?" Dimmond inquires when he's maneuvered to lie on his belly. He presses his face to the pillow. It smells of orange blossoms. They're waiting on Will to give them the signal, so Dimmond occupies himself with slowly grinding against the obscenely comfortable sheets.

Hannibal kisses the base of his spine. "I don't." He slides a large hand up the bared back, admiring the submissive curve and sleek muscles. Will has jogged down to the foyer and instructed Hannibal not to proceed until he's back, so the older man contents himself with touches and caresses.

Dimmond smells clean and bright, like a breeze in a coniferous forest; Hannibal wonders what the poet will look like, spread pliable and naked over green undergrowth. In reality it would be damp, cold, and uncomfortable, but the image it forms in Hannibal's mind pleases

him. He squeezes the round globes of Dimmond's ass, privately amused by the tiny dark birthmark on the middle of the right cheek, and pecks a kiss on it.

Dimmond chuckles. "Kiss-ass," he teases.

Hannibal rewards the quip with a small bite. Will walks in just as Dimmond yelps. When he sees what Hannibal has marked, he slaps Dimmond on the same spot. The poet makes another involuntary sound.

Will plops down beside Dimmond. "Maybe I should have you bend over my knee."

"Spanking isn't my thing," Dimmond fibs.

"Don't lie to me," Will says. It's almost a warning. He holds up Dimmond's scarf and cocks his head. "I've been thinking about it since this morning. May I ruin this?"

His heart thumps painfully in his chest. Dimmond makes sure to keep his voice level as he says, "Depends on how you intend to ruin it."

"Give me your hands."

Oh God, Dimmond thinks. His throat constricts and all he can do is nod assent.

It's short work to secure Dimmond's wrists together and then tie him to the metal rails of the headboard. The poet grasps the cool metal, allowing that to ground him in the moment. He so seldom allows it, even with former lovers, and he has literally only known Will and Hannibal for two days. Less than, if he counts only the time they've spent together.

His apprehension must have shown because the husbands begin rubbing gentle circles over his tense shoulders and laving kisses and licks all over his back. Hannibal squeezes his hips and waist. It takes a good few minutes for Dimmond to exhale and rise to his knees, even as his grip on the headboard tightens.

"We're not going to hurt you," Will promises in his ear, his lips brushing over thin skin. He kisses Dimmon on that soft spot where ear meets jaw, and then scoots down the bed, presumably to watch what his husband is going to do.

What Hannibal does draws rippling moan after moan out of Dimmond. He hasn't meant to make noise, not yet, but Hannibal is unfairly skilled with his fingers. The older man circles Dimmond's opening and slides a slicked up finger in, out, and in again, deeper; two fingers, almost too soon, and then he crooks them to thrust against Dimmond's prostate, just as the latter's erection is beginning to wilt from the intrusion. Once, twice, and no more. He opens the poet up for Will, scissoring his fingers and sliding them in and out at a steady pace, and when Dimmond begins rocking back to meet the hand, Hannibal ups the ante and shoves three into him.

"Fuck!" Dimmond shudders and throws his head back. He's had his eyes closed, focusing on the pleasure instead of the unsteady uncertainty over being bound, but now he looks over his left shoulder to see Hannibal as best as he could. One of the doctor's arms wraps around

Dimmond's hips and tucks him against the heat of his body; a tense knot inside Dimmond snaps apart when he feels Hannibal's heavy erection against his leg. When Dimmond looks over to the right, he nearly comes right there and then. Even as Hannibal is preparing him to be fucked by Will, Will is opening himself with his hand, his eyes fixed on his husband's actions. His cheeks are ruddy and his eyes brilliant and dark, his moist lips parted to gasp quietly for breath. As if sensing scrutiny, Will flicks a glance at Dimmond and holds his gaze.

"Hannibal," Will says, "show him."

The tone is commanding and gleeful at the same time. Dimmond soon knows why Will was so smug: Hannibal licks over his opening without hesitation, and then his tongue probes in. It's something Dimmond has never done nor has it been done to him, and the wet, demanding, greedy thrusts of the doctor's tongue cause Dimmond to mewl with confused and embarrassed pleasure. Hannibal's hot breath and end-of-day stubble trigger all of Dimmond's nerves and he has to bite into the pillow to stifle his keening. His cock leaks with need, but he can't pull his hands free of the scarf that binds him to the headboard, and Hannibal drags his hips up whenever he tries to shove down to grind against the bed. The older man is relentless in his assault. His hands squeeze Dimmond's ass, parting his cheeks as much as possible, and he is purring approval every time the younger man squirms and fails to get away. When Hannibal does something complicated with his tongue and sucks on his entrance, Dimmond wails long and loud.

Just as he thinks he's about to come, Hannibal stops. Dimmond wants to scream. This is the second time he's been denied tonight, and he's beginning to hate them. Tears gather behind his eyes and his breathing is erratic as he tries to gather his control. Before he can scream at the husbands who seem intent to torture him, Will insinuates himself under Dimmond. He spreads Dimmond's knees apart further so that the poet is straddling him. The younger man reaches up to cup Dimmond by the back of his neck. His other hand grips the poet's waist, digging in hard enough to bruise. Dimmond can't care about that. He's about to sob and beg to be allowed to climax.

Thankfully he feels Hannibal's hands -- those goddamned hands! -- guiding his entrance to Will's erect cock. It is *bliss* when Dimmond sinks down, taking Will into him. He can't tell if Will has remembered to put on a condom, or when he rolled it on if he has, but Dimmond just wants to *move*.

"Ride me," Will orders, voice rough with nearly-imperceptible shaking.

Dimmond doesn't wait for further instruction. He pulls up and shoves down, hard, and again, and again. He feels Hannibal's hands on his hips, just there, not exerting any pressure; he watches Will watching him, devouring him with his eyes, and wishes to kiss Will; he lowers his head and buries his face into the crook of the younger man's neck and shoulder, breathes him in as he rides him. His hands are slipping on the metal rail of the headboard and he clings to the warmed metal as if they are the fraying bits of his control.

He's suddenly held still and then Will's hips are shoved up, nearly toppling Dimmond over. He braces himself with the headboard and tries to peer over his shoulder. Hannibal drapes himself over Dimmond, his entire furred torso pressed skin to the poet's skin. Will inhales sharply, mouth falling open, and then exhales with a broad smile.

“Oh god, Hannibal, so good...” Will licks his lips and then unties Dimmond from the headboard. “Gon’ need you - to brace yourself. Hannibal, darling, come on, *move*. ”

Instead of fucking Will as he demanded, Hannibal tugs Dimmond as far upright as he can manage -- the poet has to adjust the position of his knees and *that* allows him to sink more onto Will’s cock -- and kisses him forcefully. Their lips can’t quite meet full-on but the hunger and the threat of sharp teeth makes Dimmond clench down, which leads to Will crying out sharply, and then, *then* Hannibal lets the poet cover Will again, this time braced on his elbows and their faces pressed into each other’s necks.

When Hannibal snaps his hips forward, Dimmond has to slap a hand against the metal headboard. He clutches it with his right hand and with his left he digs his fingers into the pillow. His breath is hot and damp against skin that he sucks on shamelessly. Will swears aloud in English and French. He claws down Dimmond’s shoulder, calling for Hannibal, and his pelvis rocks forward in a powerful rhythm set by the doctor.

They are all wet with perspiration, too hot and their words fleeing them with every beat of their raging pulse. Dimmond is trapped between Will and Hannibal, caught in their need for each other. He wants to free a hand to stroke himself but there is no way he can do that. He sobs in relief when he feels a large, hot hand wrap about his erection. They shift a little in their positions. Will’s cock hits his prostate once, twice, and then the hand on Dimmond’s cock slides a thumb over his slit and squeezes lightly.

Dimmond’s entire body shudders and he clenches down. Another thrust that strikes his prostate makes him come with a wail and his vision whites out.

When he returns to himself, he’s on his back, with Will pounding into him. Behind Will is Hannibal, his mouth locked on the tantalizing juncture of neck and shoulder. *No, it’s Hannibal setting the pace*, Dimmond’s mind supplies quickly, and before he can contribute to the husbands’ pleasure Will goes tense, and suddenly jerks his hips forward. He comes for a long time, and through it all Hannibal just holds him, a strong arm about his midsection. Dimmond vaguely feels the heat of Will’s climax inside of him, but the sensation doesn’t last long as the young man pulls out to tie off his condom and drop it off the side, presumably into a waiting receptacle. Will sees Dimmond watching, and smiles lazily before he perches himself over Dimmond, knees on either side of him. His ass is tilted up for Hannibal but he rests his head on Dimmond’s chest and sucks idly on a nipple.

With a growl, Hannibal slams into Will quickly. His pace now is brutal, and Will digs his fingers into Dimmond, holding onto him for dear life. His captivating blue eyes are almost entirely black. Dimmond skims his hands down until he touches Will’s spent cock, and then his clever hand goes to where Hannibal is joined to his husband. On the next thrust he shoves a finger in with Hannibal’s cock, even though the angle is all wrong for his wrist. At the unexpected intrusion Will cries out, a sweet, urgent note of surprise, and somehow that is what tips Hannibal over into his climax.

When they finally separate, Dimmond trails his fingers through the mess between Will’s legs and smiles wistfully. Will whimpers and Hannibal kisses him, before he kisses Dimmond. The doctor snags a towel from one of the chairs and wipes the two younger men down

cursorily before he does the same for himself. Then he gets into bed, with Will in the middle and Dimmond on the other side.

“Goodnight Anthony,” Will mumbles. He snuggles close and drapes an arm and a leg over Dimmond.

The latter isn’t certain he should remain here, but Hannibal places a hand on his hair and spoons up behind his husband. “Goodnight, Anthony. I’ll make breakfast for us in the morning. How do you like your eggs?”

“Over easy.” Dimmond yawns. It’s impossible to remain awake.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

a short wrap-up to this little honeymoon fantasy

* made some minor edits after initial posting

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

xoxox

the night before

xoxox

“You seem quite taken by that charming man we met at the Uffizi gallery,” says Hannibal noncommittally as they curl together in bed.

Will hums. He remembers Anthony Dimmond. “He was charming in his way.”

“Should I be worried?”

“Never,” says Will, the rejoinder immediate and firm. He nuzzles under his husband’s jaw and nibbles on the tender skin. His hand skates over the line of hair leading from Hannibal’s chest down to his groin. “You’re the only one for me.”

Hannibal exhales and strokes Will down his back. The skin over the burn scar feels too tight and smooth; Hannibal explores the familiar puckered edges of the burn. “If we meet him again, what would you do?”

The silence is weighted and heavy. When Will next speaks, it is with nervous trepidation. “I love you.”

“I know that, mongoose.” The doctor kisses his husband’s crown fondly. “But you are young and I am not so young. Our appetites are different, as is our stamina.”

Will knows what he means. “If... If it’s purely physical?”

“You two make a beautiful picture together. It would give me pleasure as well.”

Will levers himself up to look at Hannibal. Even in the darkened room, he can make out the sharp cheekbones and sensual mouth, lit by the ghostly almost-light of the night. *We know each other too well*, Will thinks, and runs his fingers over his husband's mouth. "I don't know if I can, even if I want to. That sort of - wantonness - it's not who I am."

Gently sucking on Will's firm fingertips, Hannibal mulls the matter over. He then nips on the index finger lingering too long in his mouth. "When we go out, when you dance among the sheep, you do it as a different version of yourself."

In the silence they can both hear Will's breath catch. Eventually, Will whispers, "It's a game."

"Yes."

"It might go too far."

"We can set boundaries. If he breaks them, we'll break him."

The younger man laughs quietly, his abdomen trembling with dark humor. He sits up and turns on the light, displaying his bare form to Hannibal. "Touch me, darling."

Hannibal sits up and kisses Will. He then brushes a hand tenderly over Will's right ear, rubbing his earlobe.

"My right ear is yours," Will murmurs. His eyes are half lidded as he leans into the caress.

Intrigued, Hannibal squeezes both of Will's knees.

Will smiles. "My knees are yours."

As Hannibal's hands wander over Will, his husband keeps affirming that every part is Hannibal's. The air grows hot and intimate between them as Hannibal's touches become more sensual.

"My ribs... are yours. My waist... my hips are yours," Will says, intoxicated with the simple surrender of himself. "My thighs. Are yours. Hannibal..."

"Go on," Hannibal orders.

Will licks his lips. "My cock is yours," he whispers breathlessly. Hannibal rewards him for that by sucking on it. "Oh *god* -"

For the rest of the night, every part that Hannibal touches and Will names is kissed and licked and sucked and loved, until Will loses all ability with speech and can only cry out his husband's name.

When they are finally sated, Hannibal lies over Will to feel the rise and fall of his breath. Will has yet to fall asleep; his fingers comb through the older man's silvering hair, and there's a deeper assurance in the contact than before.

"If he asks," Will drawls sleepily, "I'll say yes. Just to try it."

Hannibal says, "As you wish." He kisses the damp skin under his cheek, where beneath skin and flesh and bone is the heart that belongs to him and him alone.

XOXOX

Mornings are not Dimmond's favorite time. He blinks and scowls at the bright rectangle of light falling on his face. From the taste in his mouth, something must have died inside. It's not until he tries to sit up that he realizes how sore he is, and why he's in pain.

He can't remember grinning so wide.

A lump in the sheets beside him stirs and grumbles. Dark curls poke out to squint adorably at him, and then Will throws the covers over himself again. Dimmond carefully edges out of the bed. He manages to get through a shower with minimal wincing and is brushing his teeth with a toothbrush set out for him - still in its packaging - when Will lurches into the bathroom, a towel over his shoulder. He grunts something that Dimmond interprets as 'good morning' before he heads for the shower.

It's so domestic and unexpected that Dimmond goes still. Then he spits and rinses while Will cleans up, and puts on his now-wrinkled clothes.

The scarf is ruined wonderfully. There are loose threads where he dug his fingers in and it's distended with pulling from the knots Will bound him with and the tugging he exerted. A rush of heat bursts in his diaphragm and spreads like sunlight through his veins. As he contemplates his scarf, he's surprised by a pair of slim arms wrapping about his waist.

"Morning," says Will, more audibly now. He smiles bashfully after he lets go and has to look Dimmond in the eye. Chewing on his lower lip, Will admits, "I don't know the norms for the morning after..."

"A threesome?" Dimmond supplies wickedly.

Will blushes like a schoolgirl, his demeanor entirely unlike the confident, sexy younger man who took what he wanted and issued demands with impunity. Dimmond wonders which is the real Will Graham-Lecter.

As if summoned by the thought of his name, Hannibal strolls into the bedroom to chide them for dawdling. He kisses Will and then Dimmond, the former a loving, familiar press to the mouth and the latter sweet and lingering, ending with a mutual smile.

"Breakfast," Hannibal says, shooing the younger men out of the room.

As they settle at the table on the porch that has the panoramic view of the city, Dimmond thinks he hears a scream, muffled and soft. He nearly pauses to ask if the other two heard it. Then he remembers the way Hannibal had looked at him, like he was a lamb for the

slaughter. He sets down his fork to sip his coffee, and forces himself to admire the view. There's bacon and eggs and soft flaky pastry.

“If you could have anything, what would you ask for, if this was the last day of your life?” Will asks, apropos of nothing.

Nonchalantly, or pretending at it, Dimmond runs his hand through his hair, shaking out the curls. “I’d ask for one more day, of course.”

The cunning, vulpine look in Will’s eyes over the rim of his coffee cup makes Dimmond’s pulse jump. The poet tilts his head and considers the question. “A kiss from you. Your lovely lips were what caught my attention in the Uffizi. I’d like to know how they feel against my own.”

“That’s an excellent request,” says Hannibal. His voice is very close as he drapes Dimmond's ruined scarf around his neck. "I apologize. You've been an excellent distraction and I have been remiss in my chores."

Dimmond freezes for a split second. He hasn’t even heard the older man come up behind him. Then he breathes out and smiles up at the doctor.

Will sets down his cup. “Just a kiss?”

“A kiss and a day.”

Will glances at the man behind Dimmond. Hannibal exhales an amused almost-laugh. Then Will comes over to the poet and straddles him in the chair, draping his arms over Dimmond’s shoulders.

“A kiss then,” says Will, “to thank you for last night.”

Will’s lips are as soft and plump as they look. He tastes of coffee and poached eggs. Dimmond holds on and wishes the kiss will never end.

xoxox

Chapter End Notes

so, dear reader, i leave Dimmond's fate to you.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!